



JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852,

337 Pennsylvania Avenue, Near Tenth Street

PIANOS AND ORGANS

For Sale at Reasonable Prices, on Easy Terms

Tuning, Repairing and Moving promptly attended to. Cornets, Violins, Fiddles, Guitars, and everything in the music line for

CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.,

937 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

REDUCTION OF 50 PER CENT.

THE ORIGINAL

LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F STREET, OPPOSITE MASONIC TEMPLE.

HAS THIS DAY RECEIVED

1000 OVERCOATS

Including Men's, Boy's, Youths' and Children's, direct from Headquarters New York city. These goods must be sold, regardless of cost or value. Our prices for Men's Overcoats are as follows:

Just think of this bargain—Splendid Men's Diagonal overcoats, \$5.50. Look at this bargain—Elegant Chinchillas, Blue and Black, \$5.50. Better Bargains—Blue, Black and Grey Meltons at \$6.50. Still greater among them are 100 at \$8.40, without a doubt would be cheap at \$16.

We also call your special attention to our great variety of Ulsters and Ulsterettes, which we name at the low price of \$3.

300 Children's Overcoats at \$1.62.

300 Children's Ulsters at \$2.87.

Make no mistake and come to the

ORIGINAL LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F Street, Opposite Masonic Temple,

SIX DOORS FROM NINTH STREET.

BEAT ALL COMPETITORS

THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME

STRONG SIMPLE

SEWING MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

CHICAGO, ILL. — ORANGE, MASS. — ATLANTA, GA.

FOR FEMINE READERS.

Female Doctors in India.

The plan for employing female doctors in India, one of the few thoroughly sensible plans recently started by philanthropists, seems likely to be a success. A sum of \$4,000 has been raised in Bombay to guarantee salaries for two or three years to English ladies, and £20,000 to start a native hospital for women; while in Madras, four ladies have been admitted to practice by the local medical college. One of these is that remarkable woman, Mrs. Scherlich, who went to England to perfect her medical education, and distanced all competitors at the London university. Lastly, Mr. Rivers Thompson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in a minute full of clear sense and sympathy for native suffering, has over-ruled the opposition of the council of the medical college, and ordered the admission of female students, if qualified by general education. The number of entrants is certain to be large and in a few years each of the three presidencies will have a staff of female doctors thoroughly familiar with the language and inured to the climate. They will reduce the sum of human misery far more than a dozen orders addressed to positions for which they are hopelessly disqualified.

The Coiffure.

The appropriate arrangements of the hair is a most important consideration. The majority blindly follow a prevailing fashion regardless of artistic principles. There are but two present styles for the back hair; that of the French fashion of a twist-crown to the top of the head, and the low knot at the back. This must be new. A "Baby" bang is a wave of light fluffy little curls about the brow with the addition of a long straight switch behind. This is seen in fashionable colors of hair, and notwithstanding its name, is also made of gray and of white hair. The "Double Coquette" is light and loose in rings on top. The almost invisible web is woven of natural hair. The "Langtry," the "Patti" and other waves of last year are still worn by those for whom they seem especially adapted. As regards expression, this revival of clusters of short, thick curls at the back of the head is talked of as a possibility in something of the Madame Recamier style, or simply worn in a cluster of two or three curls on one side of the Grecian twist or long looped hair. — *New York Tribune*.

Fashion Notes.

Very deep wine color is a fashionable shade. Spanish lace scarfs are only worn now in the house. Habit skirts are fashionable to wear with walking-dresses. The best fitting jerseys are those with a seam down the back. Side-plaited skirts, from the waist down, are very fashionable. The coat sleeve remains popular. It is still set high on the shoulder, and fits the arm closely.

THE OSTRICH.

Queer Habits of a Peculiar Bird—How the Ostrich is Hunted.

A letter to the *New York Times* describes the ostrich farm at Anahelm, Cal. Dr. Sketchley, owner of the farm, on which there are twenty-one birds, said to the writer:

"They lay eggs every other day. Age does not affect them. I have seen a pair of birds which were 82 years old and they were just as valuable for breeding and feather raising as ever. Were they decrepit? You could not tell the difference in any way between them and very much younger birds. I have known birds 30 years old, a pair, valued at £1000. You can see the chances here. If the birds are in proper condition I expect that we shall have 600 chickens in a year. The difficulty in ostrich farming is in raising the chickens. They catch cold. But when they are over a month old they are all right. Ostriches have no disease that I know of, and I have had eight years' experience with them. When a chicken is 6 months old the value of its feathers is about \$10; when it is 14 months old the value is between \$20 and \$30, and when the bird is between 3½ and 4 years old the value is about \$250 annually. Sixteen years ago the business of ostrich farming was begun; now \$40,000,000 are invested in it."

An ostrich is apparently about the most ill-tempered bird in existence. They never acquire a fondness for any one. They have no particular preference ordinarily as to mating. They are always on the lookout to kick some one, and if the kick has the intended effect it is pretty sure to be fatal. The blow is aimed forward, and is accurate. For this reason the person who pulls the stocking over the ostrich's head at the time when the feathers are to be cut must be wary and experienced. As Dr. Sketchley walked along by the corrals, of which there are about a baker's dozen, the ostriches, with a few exceptions, followed along with an evident desire to get a kick at him. A Chinaman carrying a scythe along by one of the corrals was at once an object of provocation to the ostriches in that corral and of fear to Dr. Sketchley. The latter tried to make the Chinaman understand that there was danger to the precious birds from the scythe should they kick through.

The birds, when they found that the Chinaman was out of their reach, lay down in the dust of the corral and, rocking violently from side to side, beat their bodies with their heads with all their available force, which from the sound seemed to be considerable. It was such a sound as might come from a muffled drum. Having indulged in this outburst for awhile, they stalked about with that peculiar gait, which seemed to be their property in common only with the camel or dromedary; then they again lay in the dust and repeated the drumming operation. Dr. Sketchley succeeded in catching one by the neck, but did not hold it. He also put his hand into the mouth of one to show that it had no strength in its jaws. Their diet is mainly alfalfa and barley, with cabbage, turnips, and potatoes thrown in as a sort of ostrich dessert. The diet would alone indicate the lack of strength in the jaws. Before they reach that culmination of anger which results in the prostration and drumming, they emit a loud hiss like a goose, opening the mouth to such an extent as to look like a letter V lying on one side and stretched very wide apart. The danger is all from the one-toed feet, with the obviously prodigious muscle of leg and thigh to propel them.

A striking difference exists between the corrals and the African deserts, inasmuch as the latter never fight. Dr. Sketchley hunted for nine months in the desert. The birds have to be hunted scientifically. Certain facts are known, one being that the birds will always run in a semicircle. First they will run with the wind, that they may use their wings to help them. After they get what the sailors call "a head wind," they go around the other way. They must be run down. One horse cannot "wind" them. The great trouble is to keep them in sight. They will run 40 miles on a stretch. If they ever get a breathing spell they will get away. The hunter starts out with a fresh horse. A Bushman boy rides another and leads one. As soon as it is seen which way the bird will run, the boy takes his cue and drives to where he thinks the hunter will need the fresh horse. In the meantime the ostrich singled out for the chase and the hunter are speeding along like the wind, the latter straining every nerve to keep in sight of the bird and the bird making its most prodigious strides for freedom. A great deal now depends on the Bushman boy's judgment, in having the fresh horse at the right place, that no time may be wasted. It

is seldom that the boy makes a mistake. The hunter leaps on the fresh horse and gains on the bird, which, growing tired, goes more and more awkwardly. The hunter has only, when he catches it, to rap it on the head with his hunting whip and the chase is over. There are really only two kinds of ostriches, the North African and South African birds. The males are black and the females drab. All are of one color, drab, until after they are two years old.

One of the most singular features is the location of the ostrich's stomach. He carries it on his back between his shoulders, and the food can be seen winding around inside of his neck to get at this out-of-the-way receptacle. Although there is a great deal of chafing against the corrals in case of fright, the plumage, for which alone the birds are of value, does not seem to suffer much. All of the flock appear to be in fine feather. The plumage is soft, silky, clean, and glossy as it grows, and is all ready for market. Speaking of the relative value of the birds, Dr. Sketchley said that, while one might yield more feathers or prove a better breeder, he averaged them. The value is determined mainly by breeding qualities. The ostrich is considered a chicken until it is 12 months old, a feather bird until about 3½ years old, and at 4 years it should breed. The most valuable breeding birds are called "guarantee birds," from the discovery that their eggs will hatch. The average life is supposed to be about 100 years among long-lived birds. These birds are now between 8 and 9 years old. Should they live and the experiment prove successful, Southern California may yet contain thousands of ostriches.

How One Novel was Written.

Wilde Collins writes most of his novels with his own hand, but now and then rheumatic gout gives him such a pain that he cannot hold a pen, and then he employs an amanuensis. The greater part of "The Moonstone" was dictated, and Mr. Collins says it is the only one of his works which he has never read. The recollection of the agony he suffered while dictating it deters him. "For a long time, while that book was writing," he says, "I had the utmost difficulty in getting an amanuensis who would go on with his work without interrupting himself to sympathize with me. I am much like a beast in many ways—if I am in pain, I must howl; and, as I lay in the bed in the corner yonder, I would often break forth in a yell of anguish. Then my amanuensis would urge me to compose myself and not to write any more. Between the paragraphs I would go along nicely enough, having in my mind just what I wanted to say, and these interruptions would drive mad. Finally a young girl, not more than seventeen, offered to help me, and I consented that she should, in case she was sure she could let me howl and cry out in my pain while she kept her place at the table. She did it, too, and "The Moonstone" finally came to an end. But I never read it—never."

A Man Superior to his Fate.

A man who had by dint of sheer courage and energy overcome almost insuperable difficulties, and showed that life, even when it seems almost a curse, may be well worth living, died last week at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. Jean Trottet, the man in question, was born in 1831, without hands and without feet. His short arms were pointed, and his legs such as they were, not being available for progression, he was able to move only by twisting his body from side to side. His case greatly interested the surgeons of the neighborhood, and local Barnums made the parents, well-to-do peasants, many tempting offers to turn their child's misfortune to account by exhibiting him about the country. But these offers were invariably declined, and when Jean was old enough he was sent to school.

In writing he held his pen at the bend in the elbow, and as he grew older he took great interest in husbandry, became an active haymaker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off first prize at the village fairs. He enjoyed, too, some reputation for sagacity, was consulted by his neighbors on matters of importance, and has left behind him a widow and four children amply provided for.

She Never Did.

"I can't carry this bundle," said a wife to her husband. "I can't," the husband replied, "for I have to carry the two children." "But you ought to have some consideration for me," the wife continued. "You must think I'm a wagon." "Oh, no, my dear, I don't think you are a wagon. A wagon holds its tongue, but you never do." — *Arkansas Traveler*.

A DETECTIVE'S DISCOVERY.

How Mrs. Popperman Drew Suspicious Over a Mysterious Bur.

"Where did these burs come from?" and Mrs. Popperman pulled three real old-fashioned burs from her husband's coat as he lay on the lounge the other evening.

Now, it would have been very easy for Mr. Popperman to have told where the burs came from, but he thought it would be a good joke to mystify his wife, so he pretended to be surprised.

"I—I—don't know."

"Have you been into the country to-day?"

"No."

"Well, it's very singular how a business man can get burs on his clothes in New York."

"Well, I'll tell you. The health officers have planted burdock bushes on Broadway to purify the air and prevent the horses from having the blind staggers. Sometimes I brush up against these bushes."

"Oh!" Mrs. Popperman eyed her husband suspiciously, but said nothing more.

The next morning two more burs were picked from his pants.

"Now, I want to know what this means. I went to New York yesterday on purpose to see if there were bushes on Broadway. There wasn't one. Now I want an explanation."

"Well, I'll tell you, my dear. These are burs. They are the fruit of a remarkable tropical plant which is now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue hotel. This plant is twenty feet high. Occasionally I go into the hotel, and, while standing under the leaves of this plant, the fruit, which resembles burs, drops on my clothes."

"What is the name of this singular plant?"

"The botanical name is Lumty tum olus."

After Mr. Popperman had departed the next day his wife sought a detective.

"My husband comes home every night with burs on his clothes. Now I want you to follow him and find out where he goes."

The detective undertook to solve the mystery. No burs on Mr. Popperman's clothes that night—nor the next.

The third night he returned with the usual complement. The next day the detective called upon Mrs. Popperman.

"I have discovered all. I followed your husband two days. He attended strictly to his business. The third day he left his office about 2 o'clock, and—"

"Went into the country?"

"No, ma'am. He came to Brooklyn and rode to the vacant lot which he has just purchased on Schermerhorn street. While superintending the erection of a fence around the lot he often came in contact with the burdock bushes, and there is where he gets the burs."

"Oh, I am so glad. You have done your work well. Good day, sir."

That evening when Mr. Popperman returned his wife threw her arms around his neck and said: "My dear, I'm so glad to know that you are not a villain."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, about those burs, you know. I put a detective on your track and he told me that you got the burs in that lot on Schermerhorn street, and that you are innocent."

"Ha! ha! So you put a detective on my track, did you?"

"Yes."

"Good joke!" and Mr. Popperman laid back in his chair and fairly roared with laughter.

"Yes, dear, and here's the detective's bill, which you have got to pay."

"To shadowing Mr. Popperman for three days, at \$9 per day, \$27."

The laughter subsided, and for an hour it was so quiet that you could have heard a bur drop.

Increase of Salmon.

There have been fears expressed that the enormous consumption of salmon in this country will cause a scarcity of that delicious food fish. But these fears are groundless. At Astoria, Oregon, all the offal of the salmon used for canning is thrown into the sea at the shore, the canneries being so situated that the Pacific ocean at the mouth of the Columbia river receives all this refuse. According to the Portland *Oregonian* this seeming wastefulness is a means of constant reproduction of the salmon. The first operation in the canneries, the writer says, is to relieve the fish of their entrails, fins, heads, and spawn, and these are in almost every instance dropped into the river. Much of the spawn is, of course, eaten by fish or destroyed, but a goodly share finds lodgment in the bottom, where it hatches. It is a well-known fact that the water about the canneries fairly swarms with young fish during the summer and fall.

A Precious Pair.

Sinnie Pippin is a yellow-haired girl, tall and wiry, about nineteen years old, and weighs about 115 pounds. She runs in the woods with Fayette, and they live there together more like Indians than white people. As soon as Fayette gets hold of any plunder, Sinnie comes to town and sells it for him, and buys coffee, cartridges and such things as he needs, and goes back into the woods, and they start out on another expedition. Once they commit a robbery, they start off as fast as they can through the woods, sleeping in the day and travelling in the night, until they get into another country or across the Kentucky line, but always manage to get a good way from the robbery before people commence to hunt for them. Anderson's plan is to meet a man travelling along the road, find out what he can about him by talking friendly-like, and if he thinks the stranger is worth robbing, he will take a short cut through the woods, and be waiting in the bushes when the stranger passes along the road. "Halt and throw up your hands," is the first thing that the wayfarer hears, and before he has time to collect his thoughts, Anderson has a pistol muzzle up against his temple, and is going through him with his left hand. Will Fayette Anderson fight?

Well, I just believe he is one of the gamest men in the world. Deputy sheriff Bailey McClellan, of Putnam county, shot him about a year ago and broke his arm badly. What do you think Anderson did? Well, he and the girl went to a spring in the woods, and she kept bathing his arm with cold water, washing it and keeping the wound clean, and the bone knitted up. His arm has recovered so well that he is able to handle a six-shooter with as much ease as most any of them; leastwise he has never been captured yet, and there have been plenty of people after him, and game ones too. But Sinnie, his girl, makes it hard to capture him, because she lays around the towns in Putnam, Smith and Overton counties, and gets all the news and carries it to him. This keeps him posted and puts him on his guard.

Why don't we capture Sinnie Pippin, you ask? Well, we have had her in jail, but being a woman, we couldn't get anything against her, so we had to turn her out on the range again, and this precious pair keep robbing and running by night, and sleeping in the woods and mountains by day, and there is no way of doing anything to stop them so far, but their time will come just like all the rest. — *Nashville American*.

Time is Money.

There lives in Pawtucket a man whose whole existence seems to be conducted similar to a piece of machinery. His movements and transactions are always "on time," in fact, his great hobby is time. "Be on time and save time" is his motto. At the same hour every morning he gets out of bed. A few seconds later his right boot is on and then his left, breakfast is finished in a separate time, and he is seen at his place of business just at the stroke of 7. He is constantly enlarging on the immense quantity of time that is wasted and thrown away by every man and woman every hour. He illustrated his hobby the other day in a rather amusing and indisputable manner. A friend presented him with a very fine-looking cat. Calling the next day, he found the cat without any tail, the tail being cut off as close to the body as could be without cutting the tail off behind the cat's ears. When asked why he had done this, he remarked: "I have to let this cat in and out of this store a good many times a day. Now, if that cat had a long tail, don't you see I would have to lose so much time waiting for the tail to go out and in, whereas now I have only to wait for the cat. A tail is of no earthly use to a cat, and especially to this cat, so you will see I have the cat just the same, and only the time in letting the cat in and out, thus saving all that time that would be lost in letting the tail in and out."

A Permanent Boarder.

Mr. Jales was talking to his oldest daughter about a visitor who was at their house. "How long will he remain?" the young lady asked. "I guess he will stay here all the time." "Good heavens, we don't want him." "But he told me he was going to stay." "Did he positively say so?" "Well, not exactly, but he said he'd remain until your mother got into a good humor, and if he really means what he says I guess we might as well prepare for a permanent boarder. At least, daughter, that has been my experience for the 35 years I've been remaining."

The Music of His Chin.

I'm quite a music-loving man, And would go far to hear Some German, or an African, Whose tones are sweet and clear. But save me from the person who Will evermore begin, Determined he will put one through The music of his chin.

I cannot sing the old songs, Though I can get them cheap; Their memory to the past belongs, So let them idly sleep. But worse than old songs is the friend Who seeks your time to win. And who, when started, will not end The music of his chin.

I've heard steam whistles, brazen gongs, And bells of every tone; I've heard the shouts of maddened throngs, And heard a jacksaw groan. I've heard a female lecturer sneer On wicked men and sin; These are as naught, for now I hear The music of his chin.

Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.

HUMOROUS.

The dentists take the stump during a political campaign.

Our babies—With all their faults we love them still; not noisy.

Has it ever occurred that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly catcher?

A little book just published is entitled "How to Talk." A copy should be placed in the hands of every barber in the land.

The rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust; but it is the unjust who steal the umbrellas and let the just feel the rain.

Speaking of visiting, does it ever occur to you that the telephone girl answers more "calls" in one day than other ladies do in a month?

It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer of tourists, and he offers it to the travelling public, that you can generally tell a newly-married couple at the dinner-table by the indignation of the husband when a fly alights on his wife's butter.

If you are particularly anxious to abuse a man; don't call him a fool, he might be annoyed; don't call him a rascal, he might knock you down; quietly remark, with a heavenly smile, "Sir, you present a fine large margin for improvement."

"It is passing strange," mused the philosopher, "that so many people have died during the last decade, and yet so few of them have come back." Then his wife hit him over the ear with a hassock, and told him to go down to the grocery and get some red herrings for breakfast.

M. Wigglesworth's madame: "It is something I can't understand," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, laying down the paper, "why every Frenchman's first name begins with an M. Here's M. Ferry and M. Wilson and M. Grey and a dozen more. Must bother the Postmaster terribly." — *Rockland Courier-Gazette*.

Clothing and Bodily Heat.

The thinnest veil is a vestment in the sense that it moderates the loss of heat which radiation causes the naked body to experience. In the same way a clouded sky protects the earth against too great cooling in spring nights. In covering ourselves with multiple envelopes of which we augment the protecting thickness according to the rigor of the seasons, we retard the radiation from the body by causing it to pass through a series of stages, or by providing relays. The linen, the ordinary dress and the cloak constitute for us so many artificial epidermises. The heat that leaves the skin goes to warm these superposed envelopes; it passes through them the more slowly in proportion as they are poorer conductors; reaching the surface, it escapes, but without making us feel the chills which direct contact with the atmosphere occasions, for our clothes catch the cold for us. The hairs and the feathers of animals perform the same function as toward their skin, serving to remove the seat of caloric exchange away from the body. The protection we owe to our clothes is made more effectual by their always being wadded with a stratum of warm air. Each one of us thus has his own atmosphere, which goes with him everywhere, and is renewed without being cooled. The animal also finds under its fur an additional protection in the bed of air that fills the spaces between the hairs; and it is on account of the air they enclose that porous substances, furs and feathers keep warm. Experiments to determine the degree of facility with which different substances used for clothing allow heat to escape were made by Count Rumford, Senefier, Boeckmann, James Starck and M. Coulier. The results were not in all cases consistent with each other, but they indicated that the property is dependent on the texture of the substance rather than on the kind of material, or—as concerns non-luminous heat—its color. — *Popular Science Monthly*.